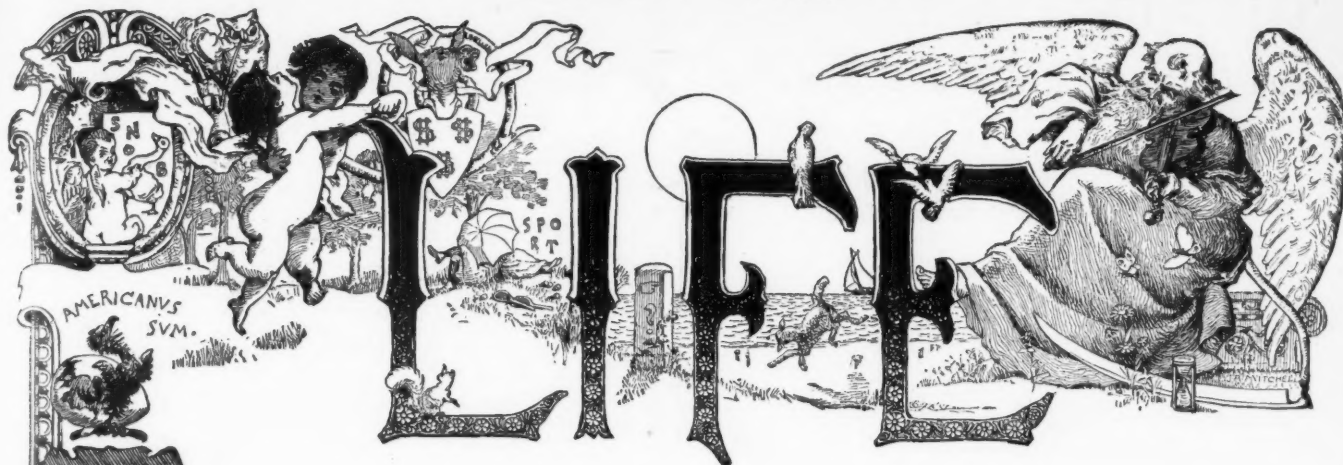


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UNANSWERABLE.

"IF YOU INSIST UPON KNOWING, THERE ARE TWO REASONS FOR MY REFUSING YOU."

"AND THEY ARE?"

"YOURSELF AND ANOTHER MAN."

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Diamond Merchant, Jeweler and Silversmith

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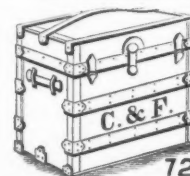
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WHAT SENTENCE OF TENNYSON'S DOES THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATE ?

"Pegasus" Contest No. 4.

We have selected a sentence from one among six of Tennyson's poems. The titles of the Poems are as follows:

1. Locksley Hall.
2. The Sisters.
3. Enoch Arden.
4. The Princess.
5. Maud.
6. Aylmer's Field.

In the picture herewith this sentence is illustrated in a way which, it is believed, would be acceptable to Tennyson himself.

LIFE will give two hundred dollars to the person who guesses this sentence, unless there be others whose guesses are correct, in which case the two hundred dollars will be divided among all the winners. This sum will be sent to the winner or winners within one week after the correct result is announced in LIFE.

CONDITIONS.

Fill out the coupon and return to "Pegasus," care of LIFE, 19 and 21 West 31st Street, New York. Care should be taken to have the name and address legible.

All duplicates, and all coupons not properly filled out, and which do not contain the exact words selected to illustrate the picture, will not be considered.

There is no restriction with regard to the number of guesses made by each contestant, the only condition being that a coupon, properly filled out, shall be returned for each guess.

The picture, in each instance, must accompany the coupon.

This contest will close on Saturday, May 7th. No coupons received after noon of that day will be considered.

The announcement of the winner will be published in the issue of LIFE dated May 19th.



Title of Poem.....

The exact sentence illustrated by this picture.....

Name of Sender.....

Address.....



OLYMPUS UP TO DATE

ALL COMERS' HANDICAP.

The Bachelor's View.

THE bonds of matrimony may
Be safe investments for my friends,
But observation's taught me they
But seldom pay cash dividends.

It Makes a Difference.



SENATOR MASON, of Illinois, who
appears to possess as strong a jaw
and inflammable a head as any man in
Congress, recently said, in speaking of
the crew of the *Maine*:

Suppose ninety of them had been United
States Senators, suppose the balance had been
members of Congress, . . . would forty days
have elapsed before war began?

If the American people could select
the Senators for that position, the an-
swer would be easy. Not only forty
days, but forty centuries would elapse
before a grateful nation would break
the peace.

And the orator from Illinois forgets
an important difference between the
sailor on the *Maine* and the jingo in the
Senate.

The sailor prefers peace to war, but
is ready to fight.

The Senator prefers war to peace, but
no earthly power could induce him to
endanger his own hide.

WHEN a man begins with, "What
I am about to say will be said
in kindness," he means to make himself
disagreeable.

An Old Story.

MRS. VON BLUMER: What sort
of a play was it last night, dear?
VON BLUMER: Domestic.

"Tell me about it."

"Oh, it dealt with a devoted, lenient,
generous husband, and an extravagant
wife who ran him into debt."

"Was it natural?"

"Extremely so."

"And well acted?"

"I never saw anything better done."

"Then you enjoyed it?"

"No, I can't say I did."

"But why not?"

"I like something new."

"THAT fellow called me an ass
behind my back."

"Did you kick?"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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AT this writing there is as yet no war, but for at least a fortnight there has been a hard and continuous fight, led by the President of the

United States. It has been a fight for peace. The President does not want war. Neither does Speaker Reed. These two patriots, supported by a strong company of faithful men at Washington, and sustained by the consciousness of the sympathy of millions of citizens in all parts of the country, have made a memorable struggle for the delay which gives sober second thoughts a chance to operate, and for the honorable settlement by diplomatic means of our dispute with Spain. The only ground for war which has appealed effectually to the bulk of the American people has been humanity. The extermination of the reconcentrados has seemed to us intolerable. There are other things that we want, but no one of them need make war inevitable. Now the reconcentrados are being relieved, and there is a prospect that their miseries will be permanently abated. If that can be assured, it ought to be possible to settle the other matters without fighting. Somebody ought to hang for the destruction of the *Maine*, but the retribution which consists in killing thousands of comparatively innocent men for the crime of some unidentified scoundrels is imperfectly satisfactory. It has not been demonstrated as yet that the destruction of the *Maine* is cause for war. If the responsibility for that disaster can be brought home to Spain, well and good. She shall make reparation. If responsibility cannot be brought home to her,

sinking more of our ships and drowning more of our sailors is not an efficacious remedy.

We should not forget that the responsibility for the horrors of the war in Cuba lies chiefly with Weyler, who ordered them, and with the Canovas government. Canovas is dead. Weyler has been called home, and his party has been beaten at the polls. Blanco seems to be a decent soldier. Sagasta, the present head of the Spanish Government, represents the best political ideas of which the Spanish mind is capable. The disaster to the *Maine* was a disaster to him and his party. He deserves just as much consideration from our government as the circumstances will possibly admit.



YEARS ago, when there was more Indian fighting in our West than there is now, General Sherman (or some other experienced soldier) humorously suggested, as the cheapest solution of the Indian problem, that Uncle Sam should board all his Indians at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There are rather too many Cubans to deal with precisely in that way, but it would save us care, expense, and possibly a good many lives, if all the Cubans who are dissatisfied at home could be ferried over to Florida and have a new start in life offered to them. Uncle Sam has never undertaken as yet to make the subjects of foreign powers comfortable at home, but he has considered it part of his lawful mission to maintain a government which should provide a refuge for all industrious and decent people who, preferring the conditions of our existence to their own, were able to make their way to these shores. There are a good many reasons for believing that if the Cubans are to be a charge upon our benevolence, we could take care of them a good deal easier on our own soil than on theirs.



WHILE the impetuosity of Congress is the factor that most imperils peace, it is a timely thought that this belligerent body, that with so much difficulty is induced from day to day to pause while diplomacy makes a last

effort, is to some extent the same Congress that has kept down appropriations, both for the army and the navy, to such a degree that now, after the headlong expenditure of a huge sum of ready money, we are still barely a match on the sea for one of the weakest and most impoverished nations of Europe. Any Congressman who has voted against naval appropriations and now wants to fight Spain ought in some way to be made to pay the penalty of his own pennywise irresponsibility. It is a pity that room cannot be found for all such legislators on Commodore Schley's flying squadron, so that they may gain personal experience of the perils to which they are so ready to devote the lives of others, and against which they have refused to make adequate and timely provision.



TRAVELERS report that the farther West one goes, the more eager the folks seem for a fight. Nebraska, the home of Senators Thurston and Allen, is especially eager to annihilate Spain, and a dispatch says that one hundred thousand men will be on the volunteer list before the middle of April. Inasmuch as comparatively few Nebraska men have seen service in the navy, or are expert gunners, the chances seem to be that the utmost military service that they can hope to do would be to stand in a row and wave their hats and "hol-ler." It is a pity that such willing patriots have not a better prospect of practical usefulness. Meanwhile, put it down to Nebraska's credit that she has contributed food for the reconcentrados, and as much money for their relief as would pay for four discharges of one of the big coast-defense guns.



THE most to be envied of anyone just now are the officers and crew of the battleship *Oregon*, which left San Francisco late in March on her way round Cape Horn to Eastern waters. She stopped for coal at Callao and picked up some news, but she will stop as little as possible, and will be entirely out of reach of newspapers until she arrives somewhere.



Ancestral.

DRINK to our Pilgrim Sires!
Those men of a sterner day,
Who lighted Freedom's fires
On the shores of Plymouth Bay.

But drain no flowing bowls,
No festive greetings tend;
Nor hope, in wine, those sunless souls
Will soften or unbend.

To them, who frowned on pleasure,
On music and on art;
Who thought man's richest treasure
A narrow, iron heart

That loved a ruthless duty
More than parent, child or wife;
Who hated Nature's beauty;
Who blighted human life:

To them waste not your grape-juice.
Keep that for something wider.
Better for present use
The unrelenting cider.

So then, your glasses fill;
Drink to this band of brothers,
Whose pious joy it was to kill
The cheerfulness of others.

J. A. Mitchell.

A Whispered Dialogue.

HUSBAND: Didn't I tell you that
the man I was going to bring
home to dinner was a Broadway busi-
ness man?

WIFE: Yes, dear. Why?

"Then what in the world have you
got ham for?"

To the Rescue.

"THERE is not a moment to lose!"

It was precisely 8:15 p. m., and be-
fore the little French maid in her recep-
tion-room there stood a desperate and
determined man, his haggard face lined
with care, his mutilated hands twitching
nervously, his evening clothes disarranged,

and his whole bearing showing unmistak-
able evidences of a recent terrible conflict.

"This morning," he said, rapidly, "you
left us without warning, before we could
get someone to take your place. You must
return immediately. Money is no object.
In a crisis like this there is no time for long
explanations and recriminations. Come!"

Awed by that supreme look, which in
critical moments compels submission, the
woman he addressed was already hurry-
ing into her sealskin cloak and adjusting
her fifty-dollar hat.

"Tell me, monsieur," she said, quietly,
"what has happened?"

Her visitor clutched her firmly by the
arm.

"Listen," he replied, quickly, as he hur-
ried her rapidly down the stairs and into
the carriage. "My wife and I are going to
the theatre to-night. For the past three-
quarters of an hour I have tried, by every
means known to science and mechanics, to
hook up her gown in the back, and unless
you come at once and do it we shall miss
everything but the last act."



"There stood a desperate and determined man."



"HE LOVES ME—HE LOVES ME NOT—HE LOVES ME."

At Hide and Seek.

SHE was a roguish little maid,
And she had grown so very dear,
That "I am Love" I softly said,
A-whispering in her rosy ear.

"I know not Love," her gay reply,
"Nor how he fares, nor what his guise;
Long years ago did he not die?"
And mocked me with her merry eyes.

"But I will seek him far and wide,
And if I find him you will know;
I'll mope and moan all heavy-eyed,
And sigh as you do—so—and so!"

The little maid again I sought;
A year had fled, she sat alone;
Her laughing eyes were dark with
thought,
Her mocking smile had wistful grown.

"Hast found him—Love?" I slyly said.
"In haunts of men—in paths apart,
In vain I sought." Ah! drooping head,
"I found him hiding in my heart!"

Mary L. C. Robinson.

A BARGAIN is something you don't
want bought with money you
can't afford to spend because you think
it is worth more than it cost

Origin of a Popular Sport.

"DON'T fail me," said the aboriginal woman.

Her husband wrapped a boomerang
around his waist, put half a dozen stone
arrows in quiver, and took down his
seven foot club.

"Don't worry," he said, fixedly. "I'll
bring back a cook with me if it takes a
leg."



A Book of Pleasant Memories.

THE charm of Max Müller's engaging
recollections, published in "Auld
Lang Syne" (Scribner), comes from the
personality of the man who relates them—
which is measurably true of the quality
of charm in any kind of writing. There
must be something positive in the character
of a man to bring his life in contact with
people who are worth writing reminiscences
about. In Professor Müller's case there
was unusual variety in background and
association—which seems a paradox in a
lifelong scholar and Oxford professor,
a career that is usually associated with
dignified monotony.

His youth gave a romantic setting to his
career. To be born in the very ancient
and small Duchy of Anhalt, the grandson
of a Prime Minister and the son of a popular
poet; to be brought up in a town "over-
flowing with music;" to associate with
Mendelssohn, Weber, Liszt, Schumann,
and the great musicians of the time;
and then to leave it all and become a great
scholar in a strange country, and the friend
of its leading men and great personages—
that is a life worth remembering!

Decades of philology cannot make a dry-
as-dust out of such a man. He has given
his best energies to a study of the science
of language, and yet he is young enough at
heart to write: "Is there not in music, and
in music alone of all the arts, something
that is not entirely of this earth? . . .
Words cannot be so inspired, for words we
know are of the earth earthy. Melodies,
however, are not of this earth, and the

greatest of musical poets has truly said:
"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
are sweeter."

* * *

WITH these ideal views of the spiritu-
ality of music, it is curious to find
Professor Müller inveighing against the
vice of rhyme in poetry. He is a lover of
poetry for its rhythm and melody, but he
looks on rhyme as an artificial hamper on
the freedom of expression. "Many a
thought remains altogether unspoken be-
cause it will not submit to the strait-
jacket of rhyme." It is difficult to see why
rhyme should hamper verse any more than
the recurrence of certain notes in a musical
composition should hamper music. For a
great artist, the rules of form in music or
in poetry are not strait-jackets on his
freedom of expression, but the wings on
which he soars to his greatest heights. It
is only the little fellows who cannot man-
age the wings.

* * *

ANOTHER point at which Professor
Müller sets up his scientific opinion
against some of the best scientists of the
day is the doctrine of evolution. He is, of
course, a believer in the doctrine of
"growth" and development, but "when
Darwin maintains the transition from some
highly developed animal into a human
being, I say Stop! Here the student of
language has a word to say, and I say that
language is something that, even in its
most rudimentary form, puts an impossible
barrier between beast and man."

It is the frank expression of views like
these, whenever he comes across the per-
sonality in his recollections who suggests
them, that makes this book such refreshing
reading.

There is always a fine urbanity in his



"WHY DON'T YOU MEDDLE WITH SOMEBODY YOUR OWN SIZE?"
"BECAUSE THIS BOY I CAN LICK."

portraits of his friends, but he does not rub out the lines that give character to them. He has a keen and humorous eye for their eccentricities.

In the chapters of "Recollections of Royalties" there is a fascinating account of the quaint old Duchy of Anhalt. It reminds one of "Prince Otto," or a part of "Harry Richmond," or of a comic opera. The whole life seemed to be playing at royalty. The old Duke driving through his villages, and paying the peasants damages for the havoc wrought by the wild boars from his forests, on condition that they would not tell his ministers of his folly, is a scene for a comedy.

The book is filled with felicitous phrases, interesting passages, and a spirit of zest in living that makes it rare reading.

Droch.

Life's "Pegasus" Contest Number Four.

WITH this issue begins LIFE's "Pegasus" Contest Number Four, and we refer many inquirers to the announcement set forth on another page, wherein will be found full information.

A PLEA FROM A STUPID.

O LIFE! sweet LIFE! there was a time when I
Could look upon your pages with delight;
Gaze fondly at your lovers; even try
To walk as doth a Gibson in her might.
Your editorial wisdom was my joy.

I only read the books that you reviewed.
I only—but I really can't, my boy,
Expose the whole abjectness of my mood;
For now, alas! my mind no longer rups
In quiet grooves, where thou dost cut the
way;

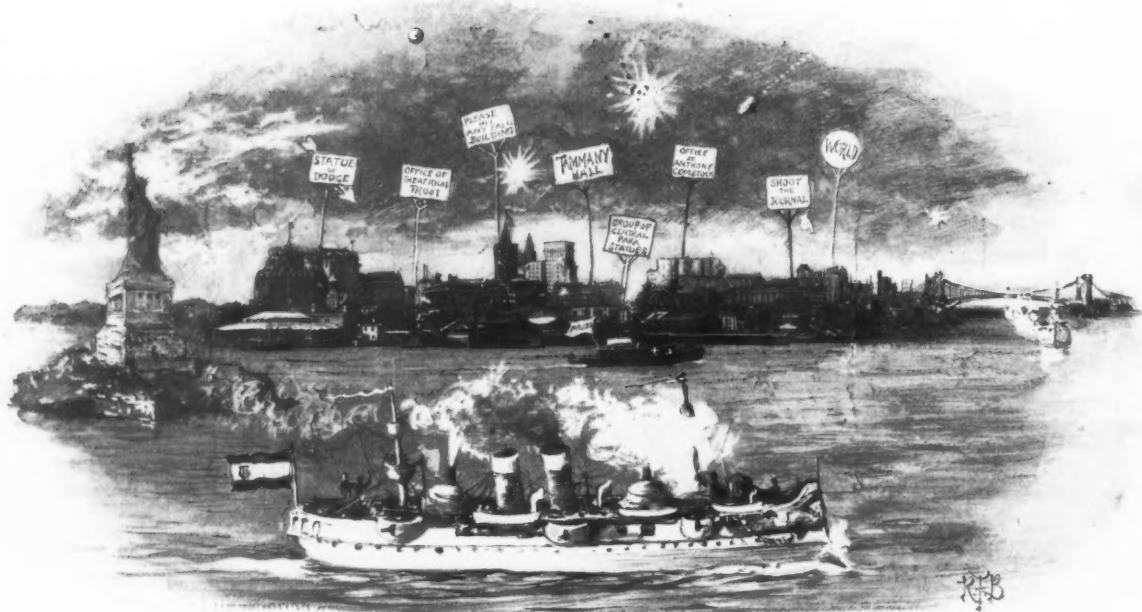
The prizes that you promise make my suns
The hopes I cherish of those gains my
day.

The days are nights. Oh! offer, sweetest
one,

A little prize for something badly done.

Ellen Beatty Henderson.

THE flying-machine man could be a real help now if only he would perfect his apparatus. One of the obstacles to recognizing the independence of Cuba is the difficulty of putting an official representative of the United States into the Insurgent capitol without landing him at a Spanish port. It would not be dignified to slide our Minister ashore at night in a rowboat on some unfrequented spot on the coast, and, inasmuch as Spain controls all the Cuban ports, that is the only way that we could do it. But if the flying-machine man were only ready, how it would simplify everything! Our Minister could go, flap, flap, to the seat of the Insurgent government in the hills, the friends of Cuba would (perhaps) be satisfied, and we might get off without a war.



IN CASE OF A SPANISH BOMBARDMENT, IT MIGHT MITIGATE THE TERRORS IF WE COULD SELECT THE TARGETS

His Turn.

A GOOD soul once, not without qualms,
Knocked at the gates eternal,
And begged of Lazarus an alms
For use in realms infernal.

"The rich man of whose crumbs
you ate
Needs water. Oh! surprise him
With just one drop." He smiled, sedate:
"I fear 'twould pauperize him.

"And then, you know, I can't revoke
My rule, which is unswerving:
I never give to wealthy folk
Unless they are deserving."

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

Modern Conversations.

CHARLIE says he wouldn't be
surprised if we had war, after
all."

"Does he? How awful! But
then, he wants it."

"Oh, yes, he belongs to the
Naval Reserves."

"He will go, of course."

"Of course. He's aching to. It would
be on the water, you know."

"Yes, I know that. Wouldn't it be grand
if he could be a Commodore or an Admi-
ral, or—"

"But think of all the officers who would
have to be killed first."

"I know it. That would be too bad.
What is the war about?"

"Don't you know?"

"Well, of course I know what Charlie
says, but it isn't quite clear."

"Why, those horrid Spaniards blew up
our battleship."

"But Charlie says it isn't proven."

"That doesn't make any difference.
Someone did it."

"That's so. I never thought of that."

"And then Cuba is to be free. I read it
in a paper."

"Why, I thought it was."

"Oh, no. We have to declare it so first.
Then it will be all right."

"But what has that to do with Spain?"

"Oh, Spain belongs to Cuba, or else Cuba
belongs to Spain; I don't know which. At
any rate, they're connected in some way."

"Oh, I see. Well, if it comes, I do hope
it won't last long."

"So do I. Papa says business is at a
standstill, and I can't have another gown
this year."

"How dreadful!"

"Isn't it?"

THERE is nothing so wearing as
keeping up one's reputation as a
beauty.

HE: As long as I have known you,
you have never given me a real
good picture of yourself.

SHE: Why, Harry, I gave you a pho-
tograph only last spring that everyone
said was beautiful.

"Yes, so it was."

H. H. Vreeland.

THIS gentleman is president of the
Metropolitan Traction Company,
née Cable. He has a dividend-bearing
countenance, an earning capacity ex-
ceeded only by Tammany Hall, and is
amply fitted by experience for the great
position he now holds. At one time he
was the driver of a hospital ambu-
lance, and later on a fire-engine, and be-
came so expert that he could drive over
a teeming mass of women and children
without shedding a tear. If Cuba, by
some unfortunate fluke, should be an-
nexed to this country, Mr. Vreeland
would undoubtedly apply for a fran-
chise to extend the cable system over
the island, thus adding to the horrors of
Spanish rule the sufferings at present
undergone by the inhabitants of Greater
New York.



H. H. VREELAND.



LIFE •



IN NEW YORK TWO CENTURIES AGO.



A First Night in Holy Week.

THE influence of religion on the drama had a delightful illustration last week. Many of the regular theatres closed entirely. This was simply an evidence of the high esteem in which non-Christian managers hold the Christian religion, and had nothing whatever to do with possible box-office receipts. Such deference to the prejudices of Christians is highly commendable.

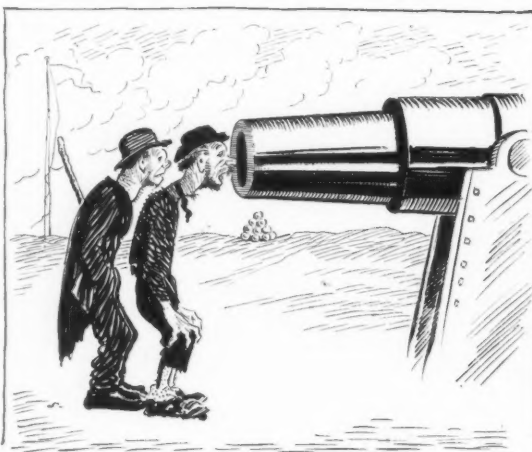
That chaste temple of the muses which is the property of the estates of the late Messrs. Koster and Bial is purely—using the word in its general sense only—unsectarian, and stepped into the breach to save New York's half-world and its friends from the *ennui* consequent on a period of religious observance. Its especial tit-bit was the presentation of Miss Adele Ritchie in a sketch with a French name, and the sub-title of "Suzanne at the Bath." Although this suggested the suppressed books of the Bible, which are published under the title of "The Apocrypha," it is not generally believed that anyone attended the performance with the notion that it was to be a panorama of Scriptural subjects. Clergymen and their wives were not conspicuous in the audience, and the uniform of the Salvation Army was less in evidence than dress-coats and low-necked gowns. The Lenten ceremonies opened with the usual succession of vaudeville features, including several instances of what unnatural things dumb animals may be made to do if they are educated with sufficient cruelty. The female person who undresses on the trapeze gave her usual

indecent performance, which was hugely enjoyed by parties of young men and young women who are habitually "among those also present" at entertainments in New York's representative society.

The performance of Miss Adele Ritchie was in a short musical sketch, and was a distinct disappointment to everyone except the critics. The public had been led to believe that almost a literal presentation of the apocryphal episode which is pictured by great masters in every gallery of Europe would be attempted on the stage of a New York variety theatre, and without police interference. The performance was, in fact, more like an out-of-door immersion ceremony of the Baptist Church, or a bathing scene at Asbury Park. Leaving this disappointment aside, the main feature of the Holy Week first-night consisted of a simple plot set to commonplace music, and fairly well sung.

* * *

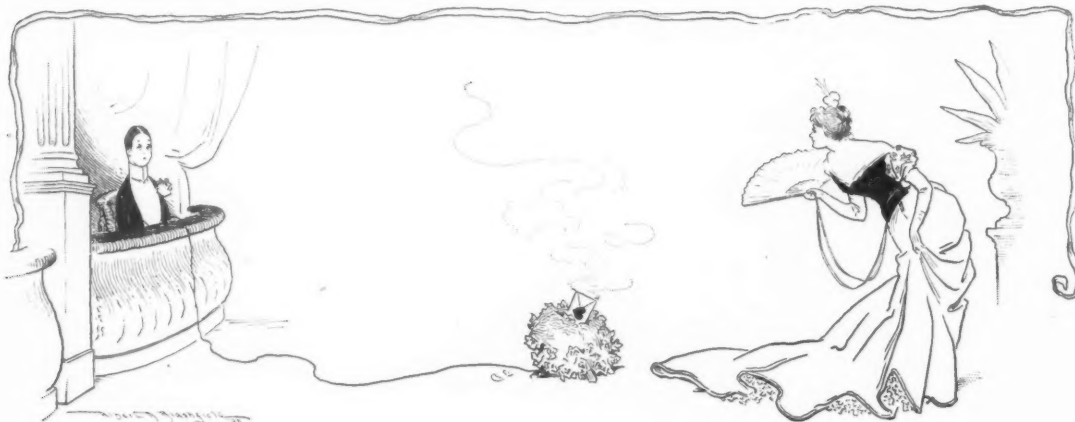
FROM a topic of that sort it is agreeable to turn to a consideration of the work done by such an excellent artist as Mrs. Fiske. Her "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" shows no lack of the same impassioned earnestness which characterized it last year. This week, too late for notice here, she appears in "A Bit of Old Chelsea" and a new adaptation from the German, by Miss Marguerite Merrington, entitled "Love Will Find the Way." It is a peculiar commentary on New York as a theatrical metropolis that an actress like Mrs. Fiske should have no permanent place on its stage.



"BEGORRA, MIKE, I THINK THEY ARE GOIN' TER TOUCH IT—"

THAT funny little playhouse which has no name, save that of the two clever men who are its managers and chief actors, gives a peculiar instance of stage ethics. Usually when a play from one of the regular theatres is burlesqued in one of the minor ones, it is vulgarized. Messrs. Weber and Fields have taken the Trust's chief success in debauchery and, under the foolish title of "The Con-curers," made of it a decent and at the same time intensely laughable skit. These men have been so successful in their comparatively small enterprise that it might be foolish for them to try experiments on a larger scale, but it seems as though there might be a broader future for them. Mr. Charles Frohman does *not* present their original and amusing entertainment. *Metcalfe.*

WHEN one has known intimately a few famous people, one grows content with obscurity.





OFF."

The New Journalism.

THE Managing Editor of the *Yellow Rot* sat at his desk surrounded by his hirelings, his great, white brow wrinkled with thought. Perspiration rolled off the noses of the weary chevaliers of industry standing around.

"McRobe!" called the

great man, sharply.

"Protector of the Poor!" responded the Garbage reporter, stepping forward.

"You have been derelict, McRobe—derelict!" said the Boss, sternly. "When I gave you the Garbage department, and threw in the Putridity and Defamation columns, much was expected. You have only destroyed three reputations this week. With half a million honest women in New York, this displays a wretched lack of enterprise."

"But, my lord," protested McRobe, feebly, "I am threatened with personal violence and imprisonment for my last scoops."

"What of it? That ought to be worth two columns. Get a hustle on you now, Jabbers!"

"Intellect of the Universe!" murmured Jabbers, emerging from the circle.

"You are improving, but very slowly. Take your burglar kit and camera, and enter the Giltedge house to-night, and bring in a good story of the wedding presents there, to match the marriage Tuesday. If you see anything lying around that will add interest to the sketch, borrow it. If anybody should wake up, hit him on the

head, and get an interview on 'How it Feels to be Sandbagged.'"

"McSmeller" was called, and a small, terrier-like man bowed and muttered: "Commander of the Faithful!"

"McSmeller, I like your work. The Kitchen and Swill Barrel of the *Yellow Rot* is its pride. Judge Candor in his court to-day said this paper was a disgrace to journalism; and the Judge is a judge. He lives at 976 Bulgaria Avenue, and has two daughters. Disguise yourself as a peddler; take a patent, keyhole, ear-trumpet and microscope; go to the back-door and inter-

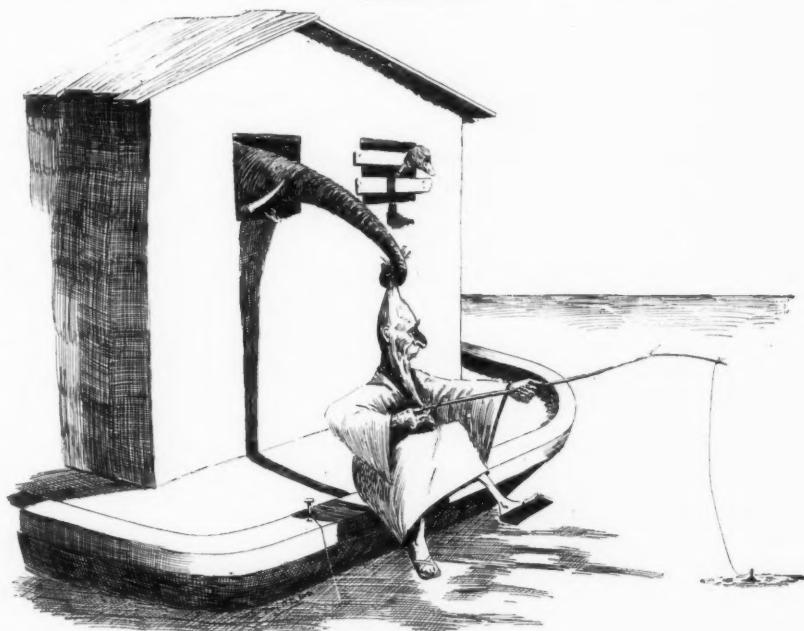
view the scullery maid; if the daughters are out of town, work up a mysterious disappearance case, and ring in a coachman; get the scullery girl's photo and a picture of the back-door. We'll make Candor understand that criticism is our business. We have too much of this Ellsworth rubbish.

"Mr. Addle," the editor went on, waving McSmeller out, "you go down to Battery Park this evening and jump overboard. You will be rescued by our special life-savers, and as you will fail to resuscitate, you will be carried to the Morgue.

Make two columns. This bundle of letters will be found on you. To-morrow morning you will escape and make a story for the Sunday edition, showing up the inefficiency of the river police and the brutality of the employes of the Morgue. No, sir! We can't pay hospital expenses if you get pneumonia; this is a paper, not a philanthropic enterprise."

The editor smiled benignly on a pale, nervous young man, and purred: "Mr. Figment, I am proud of you. Your 'Six Hours in a Sewer' is the sensation of the day, and is doing a great moral work. I have arranged with Rev. Mr. Howler—for a consideration—to take it as his text next Sunday, to show the connection between Politics and Sewers, in his great exposure series. This week you will act as waiter in the Gastritis Club. I have squared the steward. They are wine-openers, and the possibilities for a man of your talent are great."

Turning to a group of underfed young men the editor said: "Gentlemen of the *Yellow Rot* War College, you make me tired. You haven't scared Wall Street once this week, and patriots are beginning to think this paper is published in Philadelphia. Things have got to move right off. Gore! Go over to Newark and send in an account of the assassination of General Lee for Friday afternoon. Pigeon! Find our special eye-witness of 'Ruthless Deeds in University Place,' and interview him on the crime and get photos of the weapon. Gull! Your



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Mr Noah: YES, DEAR. I'LL COME AND FEED THE ANIMALS RIGHT AWAY.

dispatches from Havana will contain General Lee's personal denial of his death, with his views on how it feels not to be assassinated. State that Blanco and Congosto sneered and set the dogs on you, and that the Spanish Navy is laying in stores of garlic and language. Scrawls! Make a story of a conversation between Sagasta and Weyler, overheard by a waiter in Barcelona, arranging for a declaration of war next Wednesday unless the Ancients of Boston are disbanded. Go over to Second Avenue and get the waiter's portrait. Luryd! Sink the *Baltimore* off the Philippine Islands Monday evening, giving the story of Survivor Jones of the starboard watch, picked up with the fatal torpedo in his hand by a Portuguese man-of-war. Tuesday you may discover a Spanish plot to kidnap Teddy Roosevelt, and circulate the story that the new Spanish Minister is a nephew of the editor of the *Sun*. Later you will prepare denials and interviews on

these matters. That will do for to-day. Now git!"

Turning to the trembling remnant left, he thundered: "Go forth and raven! Sweep the gutters; scrape the garbage scows; filter the sewers; listen at doors; peer at keyholes; haunt kitchens and back alleys; fake, lie, misrepresent, and be up to date."

Turning to his secretary, as he rose with clear brow, the Managing Editor said: "If there is nothing in the offices of our miserable rivals that we need, you may dismiss our special housebreaker. I am going to lunch."

Then the Moulder of Public Opinion walked into the streets, conscious of duty well done; certain that a Great Circulating Cesspool was doing the work of morality and civilization.

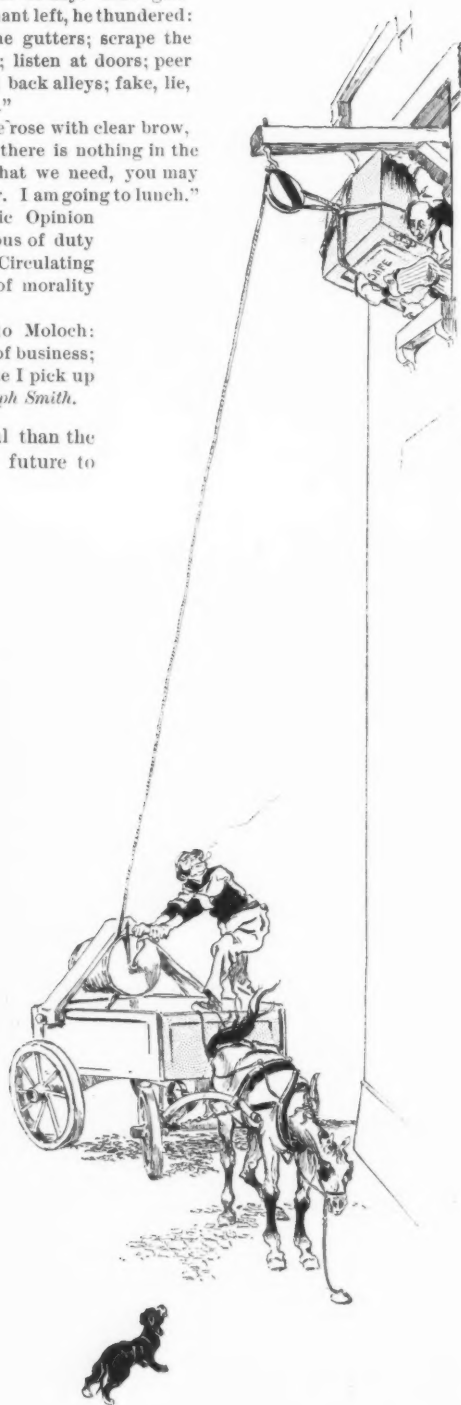
That night the Devil said to Moloch: "Molly, old boy, I am going out of business; I feel like an amateur every time I pick up the *Yellow Rot*."

Joseph Smith.

THE old are more cheerful than the young: they have no future to worry about.



A CHECK MATE.



"ARE YE READY, MIKE?"
"YES, LET HER—"

The Real Victim.

MUCH sympathy has been exerted on behalf of the slumbering householder who is suddenly awakened at dead of night by the unconventional burglar. It is possible, however, that this may be wrongly placed. Our real sympathy should go to the burglar. Nothing is ever said about him, but, of the two, he is the more deserving of pity. He is obliged to force his way into a strange house under cover of the darkness, and has not even the satisfaction

of turning on the gas. Groping about thus, with the feeble aid of a sulphur match—itself a source of the keenest suffering—he never knows what moment he may set off an alarm or be shot down in cold blood by the mistress. A well-stocked larder of homemade unmentionables means certain dyspepsia, and to dine alone is a torment in itself. And in the end his reward may be a misfit overcoat, some inconsequential spoons, and a diamond such as are sold in department stores for two dollars and ninety-nine cents.

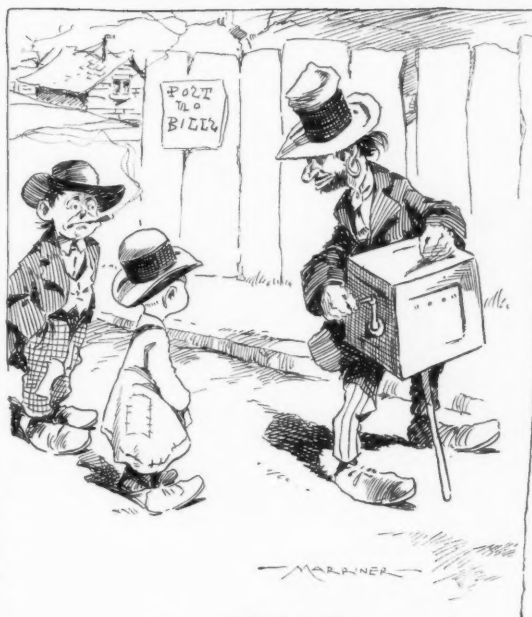
Meanwhile.

THE shops at this writing make their usual display of Easter wares. The new bonnets are as gay as usual; the new fabrics of the dry-goods houses are in all colors, as though it was an ordinary season. No house is making a specialty of mourning goods, nor seems to have prepared for a run on crêpes and bombazines. A great many persons are uneasy, but if there are those who are quaking at the prospect of bereavement, their voices are not heard.

Some persons seem to think that the army and the navy want war. The better opinion seems to be that they are neither for war nor against it, but are simply waiting orders, prepared for whatever comes.

In both branches of the service appears the phenomenon that we see everywhere: the older men think of the cost of war, the younger men of its excitements. The war spirit is very much a matter of age. Men who have given hostages to fortune are not eager for glory. They think more of duty and its demands. Naval officers who have wives and children will not complain if they miss the chance to test the efficiency of modern warships by actual experiment.

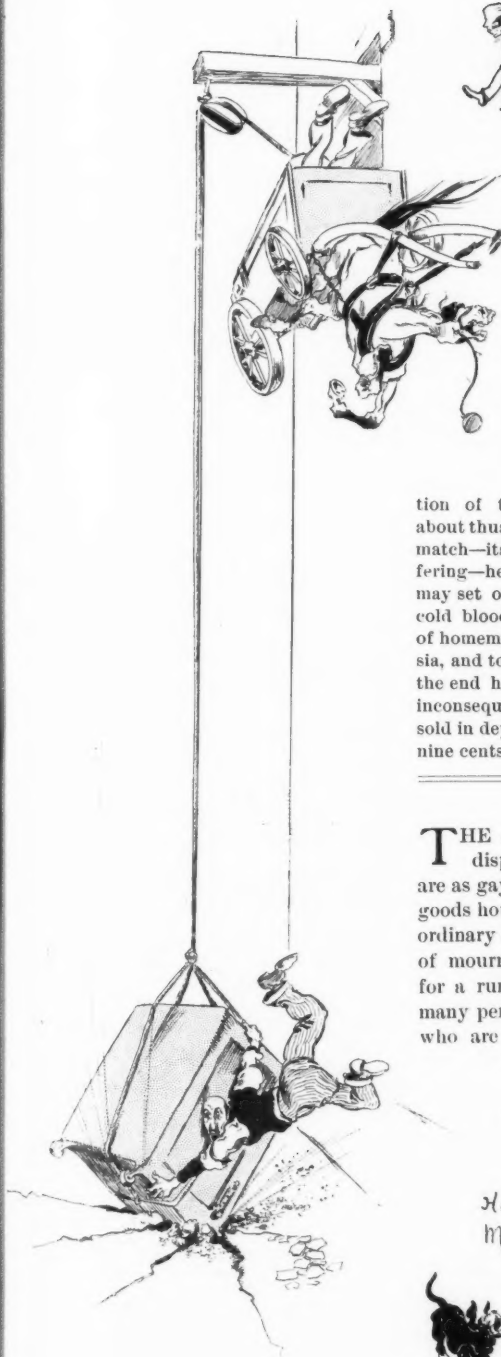
Meanwhile the interest in food and clothing and money making is as lively as usual, and things go on just as if it were any other April, and nothing in particular was up.



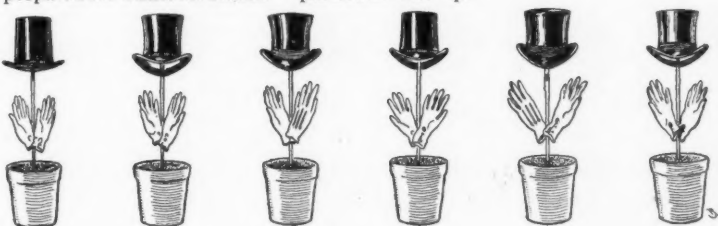
AN OVERTURE BY HANDLE.

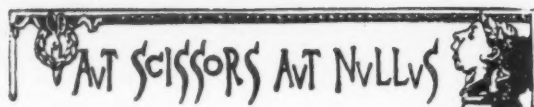
A Puzzle.

“A YOUNG man must have brains to get into society nowadays.”
“But what would he do with them after he got in?”



GO.





THE NEW STEAMER.

DESCRIBED BY THE NEW REPORTER.

"Go," said the editor to the new reporter, "and write up the new English steamer just arrived. Give a thorough account of her from stem to stern."

"From what?" said the young man recently arrived from a far interior State, and to whom a vessel of any sort was a mystery and a wonder.

"From stem to stern," said the editor, fixing a suspicious and threatening eye upon him.

This was the young man's first mission. He was eager to distinguish himself. He had already done so on his village paper, but he wanted a wider field for his aspirations, and had come to New York.

Yet he went out of the office anxious and doubting. "I will go to the captain," said he; "he will explain to me the ship and its uses. He will tell me all."

"Captain," said he, "I am sent to write up your ship. Oblige me by stating how many masts she has."

"Eighteen," promptly answered the captain.

"Where are they?"

"We have sent them on shore to be painted."

"How much water does your vessel draw?"

"Three inches."

"How do you draw it?"

"By steam-power from the well."

"Were you ever in a storm at sea?"

"Never," said the captain.

"Are you ever seasick?"

"Awfully; can't leave my berth from the time we leave New York till we arrive at Liverpool."

"Are the rest of your officers and crew seasick?"

"Always. We're only up on the deck and about in port."

"Why, who steers the vessel at sea?"

"The cook; he's the only well man on board."

"Do you sail nights when out of sight of land?"

"Never; we anchor."

"What! in mid-ocean?"

"Of course, you landlubber. There's docks to tie up at regular distances all the way across."

"How do you see to sail dark nights?"

"We send our boats ahead with lanterns, which light up the road."

"Are they there now?"

"Yes; anchored in a line all the way across the Atlantic Ocean."

After getting much other information, which the captain said he was only too happy to impart to such an interesting young gentleman, the reporter returned and wrote as follows:

"The new steamer *Crusader* is a splendid specimen of naval architecture. Her keel revolves on hinges, so as to be readily unshipped in a storm, when it is not wanted. The rudder, also, by a patent contrivance, can be drawn out of its socket and deposited on deck during the night and in hurricanes. The *Crusader* has folding decks, which can be doubled up when she has but little cargo, and her tonnage in this way can be decreased from four thousand to two hundred tons. The sail can, if necessary, be used as a sky-sail or wind-sail, and the saving of canvas effected in this manner reduces the wear and tear of her running rigging one-half. The main brace passes from the end of the bowsprit over the fore, main and royal masts, thence down over the spanker-boom to the taffrail and into the cabin windows, where it is secured by a double-banked sheepshank to the head of the captain's berth. She has compound engines, which boil water at an extremely low temperature. Her screws revolve at the rate of ten thousand times a minute, and can, if necessary, be brought forward and used as paddle-wheels. The *Crusader* is also constructed on the crab principle, and by bracing up everything sharp on the wind and wearing ship frequently

NEW PUBLICATIONS

GEORGE H. RICHMOND AND SON: NEW YORK.

Autumn Manœuvres. From the French of Ludovic Halévy. By Mary K. Ford.

The Maidens of the Rocks. By Gabriele D'Annunzio.

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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS: NEW YORK.

Music: How It Came; What It Is. By Hannah Smith.

Tales of Unrest. By Joseph Conrad.

The Romance of Zion Chapel. By Richard Le Gallienne. London and New York: John Lane, The Bodley Head.

Cheerful Yesterdays. By Florence Wentworth Higginson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Lost Man's Lane. By Anna Katharine Green. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

she can go as fast sideways as any other way. The engines

are furnished with condensers, which condense milk as

well as water. Her cabins are constructed on the French

flat principle, there being six stories, with kitchens, etc.

for each family of passengers. The *Crusader* also carries

her own docks, and thus saves all the expenses of

wharfage when in port. She also carries her own quaran-

tine, and so can never be detained if there is any mala-

ria or measles on board. The pilot pilots her all the way

across the Atlantic, and comes back with the ship each

time. Her compasses in the binnacle give daily the direc-

tion of the wind. The captain's cow is milked by the

boatswain in the foretop."—*Unidentified Exchange.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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Most delicious of all Relishes.

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• LIFE •

IN OVERWHELMING UNCERTAINTY.

A little king, with manners nice,
Bore as he trudged through Spanish ice
A banner with this strange device,
"I. O. U."

Quoth he: "No matter where I look
I gaze on that. It won't be shook.
The first line in my copybook
Was 'I. O. U.'"

Oh, how can life have many charms
When, in the midst of war's alarms,
The motto on one's coat-of-arms
Is "I. O. U."?

—Washington Star.

FACTS ABOUT CIGARETTES.

"The Truth About Cigarettes." Reprints of papers read before the Medico-Legal Society of New York, by W. H. Garrison and Clark Bell, LL.D. (1) American cigarettes contain pure tobacco and paper, and nothing else. (2) Cigarette smoking never caused either insanity or death in young or old.

These are the conclusions that are forced upon the conviction of anyone who reads this pamphlet. The first proposition is established by quotations from reports of chemists. The second by the citation of letters from Superintendents of Insane Asylums and expert Alienists. In each case the authority given is unimpeachable. The Chemists number about twenty, and include the Chief Chemist of the Government Department of Agriculture, State and City Chemists, and College Professors. The Alienists are thirty-three in number, representing about twenty States and Territories, exclusive of Canada. "Cigarettes are unadulterated," say the Chemists; "Cigarettes never cause insanity," say the Alienists. Both are unanimous. The gentlemen who prepared the Medico-Legal papers express no opinions. The facts are as stated above. To many this information will come with the force of a shock, but "facts are facts," and this little book contains nothing else.

ONE of the first men to reach San Francisco with a hoard of Klondike gold was an Irishman named Finnegan, who had been very poor before he struck it rich, and who, consequently, was unfamiliar with many ordinary usages of a life of luxury.

"Oi say, yez kin bring me two dozen eyesters," he said, airily, as he took a seat in one of the finest restaurants in 'Frisco.

The oysters were soon set before him, and Finnegan, looking about him for something to put on them, and hardly knowing what the something should be, spied a bottle of Tabasco and proceeded to season the bivalves, not wisely but too well.

Impaling an oyster upon his fork, he thrust it into his mouth, then leaped to his feet with a terrific roar of pain, and began dancing about and yelling like a madman.

"See here!" cried the proprietor, rushing to the table, "keep still, or I'll put you out!"

"P-p-put me out, is it? Oi wish yez would put me out!" yelled Finnegan. "Me insides is blazin' loike a match factory."—Harper's Magazine.

ASHEVILLE AND HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

These two charming resorts, located in the mountains of Western North Carolina, are now being rapidly filled with winter tourists from the North. A more delightful place cannot be found to avoid the disagreeable March winds. They are easily reached from New York via Pennsylvania and Southern Railway by the Washington and Southwestern Limited, which leaves New York daily at 4.20 p. m., making the trip within twenty-two hours in through Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, N. Y.

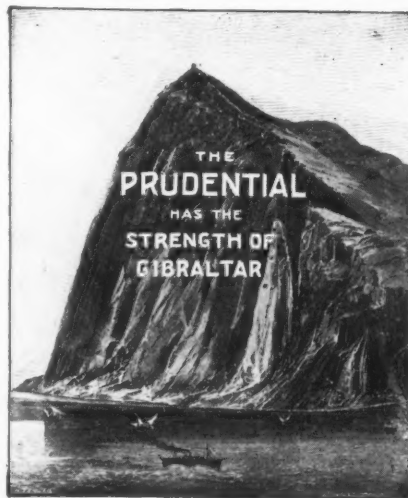
Let us not overlook the fact that war would necessarily mean a prolongation of the present session of Congress.—Washington Post.

Prince of Wales's favorite wine,

de **LOSSY - HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.**

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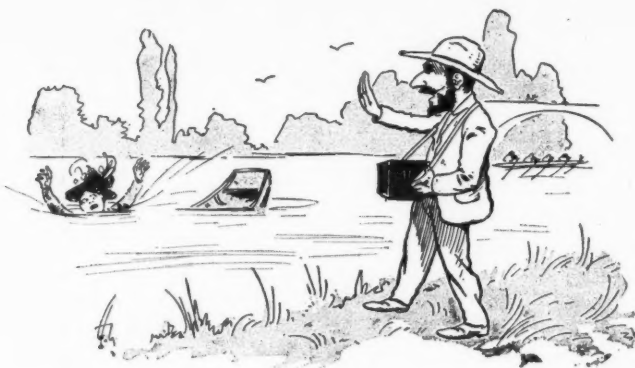
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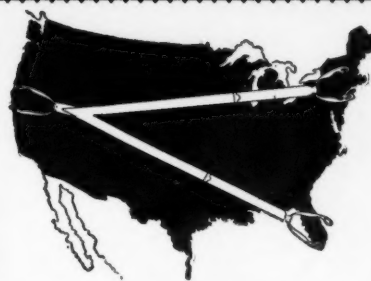
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"ONE MINUTE, MADAME; DON'T MOVE!"

—Le Rire.



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are attaching gentlemen to their trousers, with elegance and ease.

NON-ELASTIC, YET PERFECTLY ELASTIC.

A Paradox? Just investigate the "graduated" cord ends.

Ask your furnisher for the "Endwell," or send 50c. for a sample pair postpaid. Cheaper model, the "C.-S.-C." for 25c. Scarf fastener free, for your furnisher's name if he does not keep "Endwell Braces."

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Boy (shouting): "EE Y'ARE, MISS! SECOND EDEESHION! BREACH O'PROMISS! HELDERLY PLYNETIFF! GITS 'EAVY DAMMIJEES! (In low, confidential tone): BETTER 'AVE IT, MISS! TELLS ALL 'OW YER LOOKED IN COURT, AN' HEVERY-THINK!"—London Fun.

Can't Eat? Sleep? Work? Digest? **TRY VIN MARIANI** **MARIANI WINE** **The Ideal French Tonic for BODY AND BRAIN** **Since 1863, Endorsed by Medical Faculty** **Immediate - Lasting - Efficacious - Agreeable**

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have been built for many years; have Worn Well so many years, and have sold at such reasonable prices that they have practically had the field to themselves. They still have it. No others can successfully compete in appearance, service, or price.

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The skin *ought* to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap, the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no free alkali in it. Pears', the soap that clears but not excoriates.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

The Most Acceptable Wedding Present

this season, will be found among the COMPACT sets of sterling silver forks and spoons.

We are now showing many combinations of these sets, ranging from five dozen upward.

They are selected from our current *copyrighted* patterns of forks and spoons, sold at

\$1.00 per Ounce.

The highly polished wood compact cabinets, with lock and key, are marked equally close, in harmony with the prices of the silver.

Tiffany & Co.'s products can be purchased only direct from their own establishment.

Tiffany & Co.

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Yachtsmen

Now is the time to order a supply of Evans' Ale.



No matter how the wind blows it will spoil Evans'. No sediment—that's why.

1898 **"19 YEAR OLD"** **Rambler** **BICYCLES** **\$60** **The highest high grade price that's fair**

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